



#### SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the first boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with a snake-eater, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton positions an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but conceals a great deal from him. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instructions to go to the city. He is startled by a cry of "Help!" Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And this Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzle which he has to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend has entrusted to him, Dudley continues his investigation. He is permitted to be known as Henry Wilton, and is mistaken for Wilton. He is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy, but finds that it is Tim Terrell and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that they are a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. Dudley gets into the hands of Becker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forged. He is provided with four guards. He learns there is to be no trouble about the life of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The four men within the room saluted me gravely and with Mother Borton's direction in mind I had no hesitation in calling each by his name. I was pleased to see that they were robust, vigorous fellows, and soon made my dispositions. Brown and Barkerhouse were to attend me during daylight and Fitzhugh and Porter were to guard together at night. And so much settled, I hastened to the office.

No sign of Doddridge Knapp disturbed the morning, and at the noon hour I returned to the room in the house of mystery that was still my only fixed abode.

All was apparently as I had left it, except that a letter lay on the table. "I must get a new lock," was my comment, as I broke the seal. "This place is getting too public when every messenger has a key." I was certain that I had locked the door when Corson and I had come out on the evening before.

The letter was from my unknown employer, and read:

"Richmond has paid the men. Be ready for a move at any moment. Leave your address if you sleep elsewhere."

And now came three or four days of rest and quiet after the merry life I had been leading since my arrival in San Francisco.

In the interval I improved my time by getting better acquainted with the city. Emboldened by my body-guard, I slept for two nights in Henry's room, and with one to watch outside the door, one lying on a mattress just inside, and a new lock and bolt, I was free from disturbance.

Just as I had formed a wild idea of looking up Doddridge Knapp in his home, I came to the office in the morning to find the door into room 16 wide open as the farther door ajar.

"Come in," Wilton said in the voice of the King of the Street; and I entered his room to find him busied over his papers, as though nothing had occurred since I had last met him.

"The market has had something of a vacation," I ventured, as he failed to speak.

"I have been out of town," he said shortly. "What have you done?"

"Nothing."

He gave a grunt of assent.

"You didn't expect me to buy up the market, did you?"

The yellow-gray mustache went up, and the wolf-eyes gleamed from beneath.

"I reckon it wouldn't have been a very profitable speculation," he replied.

Then he leaned back in his chair and looked meditatively at the wall.

"Have you heard anything more of Becker?" he asked.

"I've heard enough to satisfy me that he's the man who got the Omega stock."

"What other deal is he in?" asked the King of the Street.

"I don't know."

The King of the Street smiled indulgently.

"Well, you've got something to learn yet. I'll give you till next week to find the answer to that question."

I was convinced from his air that he had information on both these points himself, and was merely trying my knowledge.

"I'll not be back before next Wednesday," he concluded.

"Going away again?" I asked in surprise.

"I'm off to Virginia City," he replied after considering for a little.

"I'm not sure about Omega, after all—and there's another one I want to look into. You needn't mention my going. When I come back we'll have a campaign that will raise the roof of every Board in town. No orders till then unless I telegraph you. That's all."

The King of the Street seemed straightforward enough in his statement of plans, and it did not occur to me to distrust him while I was in his presence. Yet, once more in my office, with the locked door between, I began to doubt, and tried to find some hidden meaning in each word and look.

#### CHAPTER XV.

I Am in the Tolls.

"Welcome once more, Mr. Wilton," said Mrs. Doddridge Knapp, holding out her hand. "Were you going to neglect us again?"

"Not at all, madam," said I with un-

"Well, he laid a trap for me at Borton's, put Terrell in as advance guard and raised blue murder about the place." And then I went on to give a carefully amended account of my first night's row at Borton's, and with an occasional question Mrs. Knapp had soon extorted from me a fairly full account of my doings.

"It is dreadful for you to expose yourself to such dangers."

I was privately of her opinion.

"Oh, that's nothing," said I airily. "A man may be killed any day by a brick falling from a building, or by slipping on an orange peel on the crossing."

"But is dreadful to court death so. Yet," she mused, "if I were a man I could envy you your work. There is romance and life in it, as well as danger. You are doing in the nineteenth century and in the midst of civilization what your forefathers may have done in the days of chivalry."

"It is a fine life," I said dryly. "But it has its drawbacks."

"But while you live no one can harm the child," she said. There was inquiry in her tone, I thought.

I suppressed a start of surprise. I had avoided mention of the boy, Henry had trusted Mrs. Knapp further than I had dreamed.

"He shall never be given up by me," I replied with conviction.

"That is spoken like a true, brave man," said Mrs. Knapp with an admiring look.

"Thank you," I said modestly.

"Another life than yours depends on your skill and courage. That must give you strength," she said softly.

"It does indeed," I replied. "I was thinking of Doddridge Knapp's life."

"But here come Luella and Mrs. Bowser," said Mrs. Knapp. "I see I shall lose your company."

My heart gave a great bound, and I turned to see the queenly grace of

fore I could analyze the magnetic thrill that came from it, it was gone. A flush passed over her face and died away as she came.

"You honor our poor house once more," she said, dropping a mock courtesy. "I thought you had deserted us."

"Not I," said I stoutly, holding out my hand. I saw there was a little play in the corner of the eye of Mrs. Knapp. For some reason she had not confided in her mother. "Not I. I am always your humble knight."

I saw that Mrs. Knapp was looking at us curiously, and pressed my advantage. Luella took my hand unwillingly. I was ready to dare a good deal for the clasp of her fingers, but I scarcely felt the thrill of their touch before she had snatched them away.

"There's nothing but pretty speeches to be had from you—and quotations at that," she said. There was malice under the seeming innocence of a pretended post.

"There's nothing that could be so becoming in the circumstances."

"Except common sense," frowned Luella.

"The most uncommon of qualities, my dear," laughed Mrs. Knapp. "Sit down, children. I must see to Mr. Carter, who is lost by the portiere and will never be discovered unless I rescue him."

"Take him to dear Aunt Julia," said Luella as her mother left us.

"Dear Aunt Julia," I inferred, was Mrs. Bowser.

Luella took a seat and I followed her example. Then, with chin in hand and elbow on the arm of her chair, the young woman looked at me calmly and thoughtfully.

"Well," said Luella at last, in a cutting voice, "why don't you talk?"

"It's your yard," said I gloomily.

"You took the last trick."

At this reference to our meeting, Luella looked surprised. Then she gave a little rippling laugh.

"Really," she said, "I believe I shall begin to like you, yet."

"That's very kind of you; but turn about is fair play."

"You mustn't do that," said she severely, "or I shan't."

"I meant it," said I defiantly.

"Then you ought to know better than to say it," she retorted.

"I'm in need of lessons, I fear."

"How delightful of you to confess it! This shall I tell you what to do?"

Then she was charming. I hastened to say:

"Do, by all means."

The young woman sank back in her chair, clasped her hands in her lap as her mother had done, and glanced hastily about. Then in a low voice she said:

"Be yourself."

It was an electric shock she gave me, not more by the words than by the tone.

I struggled for a moment before I regained my mental balance.

"Don't you think we could get on safer ground?" I suggested.

"No," said Luella. "There isn't any safe ground for us otherwise."

The sudden heart-sickness at the reminder of my mission with which these words overwhelmed me, tied my tongue and mastered my spirits. It was this girl's father that I was pursuing. Oh, why was this burden laid upon me? Why was I to be torn on the rack between inclination and duty?

Luella watched my face narrowly through the conflict in my mind, and I felt as though her spirit struggled with mine to win me to the course of open, honest dealing. But it was impossible. She must be the last of all to know.

Her eyes sank as though she knew which had won the victory, and a proud, scornful look took the place of the grave good humor that had been there a moment before. Then, on a sudden, she began to speak of the theater, rides, drives and whatnot of the pleasures of the world. Suddenly she stopped with a weary look.

"There's Aunt Julia waiting for you," she said with a gleam of malicious pleasure. "Come along. I deliver you over a prisoner of war."

"Wait a minute," I pleaded.

"No," she said, imperiously motioning me. "Come along. And with a sigh I was given, a helpless, but at last protesting, captive, to the mercies of Mrs. Bowser.

That eloquent lady received me with flutter of feathers, if I may borrow the expression, to indicate her pleasure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Practical Fashions

### MISSES' TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

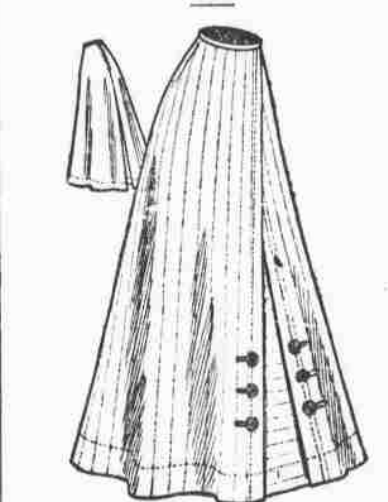


Paris Pattern No. 2480. All Seams Allowed.—The shirt waist has the fullness of the front and back put into wide outward-turning tucks, stitched to the bust line in the front and to the waist line in the back, where it is slightly gathered to hold them in position. The high narrow collar and straight, turn-down cuffs may be of the same material as the rest of the costume, or of white linen, according to taste. White pearl buttons fasten the garment at the center front, where a jabot of English embroidery falls in graduated folds from neck to waist. The sleeves are in full-length and rather narrow, being gathered at the armhole and wrist. This pattern is particularly adapted to hand-embroidery and may be worn as a separate waist as well as part of a costume, being suitable for plain or cross-barred lawn, Madras, chambray, handkerchief linen, Irish linen or dimity, pongee, French gingham, or, in fact, any of the pretty summer materials. The pattern is in three sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the shirt waist requires 3½ yards of material 20 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 42 inches wide; one yard of edging.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2480. SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....

### LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT.



Paris Pattern No. 2485. All Seams Allowed.—This skirt is one of the newest models, with an inset panel at the lower edge, in the front. It is fastened under the inverted box-pleat at the center-back, and is adaptable to both plain and striped materials, being trimmed either side of the inset panel with buttons and cord loops. The pattern is in seven sizes—22 to 34 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist the skirt requires 8¾ yards of material 39 inches wide, 5½ yards 36 inches wide, 4½ yards 42 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 54 inches wide; six buttons, and one yard of braid for loops. Width of lower edge about 4½ yards.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2485. SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....

### The Country Weeker.

Henry G. Burton of Acheson, whose slum work has given him wide knowledge of the poor, was praising America's many country week associations.

"They do a deal of good," he said. "And nothing is more interesting than to go on one of the country week excursions in charge of a lot of slum children who have never seen the country before."

"A kind-hearted little slum girl in my party saw one evening a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted:

"Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on these beautiful little birds?"

### Historic Facts Recalled.

In connection with the death of Grover Cleveland, it is interesting to note that only twice before in the history of the nation has the United States been without a living ex-president. George Washington died in 1799, when John Adams, the second president, was in office. Andrew Johnson at the time the only surviving ex-chief executive, passed away in 1875, two years before Gen. Grant retired to private life.

### England Adopts French System.

The French gardening methods by which an acre of ground is made to yield \$2,433 to \$2,920 per annum by the forcing hot bed process has been introduced in England. Vegetables are produced all the year and are forced by a steady temperature of 90 degrees.

## PERSONAL VANITY GREAT BOON.

A Blessing Vouchsafed to Man, Thanks Mr. MacBlink.

"The longer I live," said Mr. MacBlink, "the more I think that the greatest personal blessing vouchsafed to man is personal vanity."

"Do the mighty snub us? We smile and think that we are better than they. Are some men richer than we? Why, we know for some we could have made twice their money with half their chance."

"Are we homely? We think we are handsome. Why, the men we see, old and young, looking in the mirrors in the sides of the elevated cars are proud of their clothes, proud of themselves from their heads to their toes."

"They may live narrow lives, and if they only knew it, with no hope of ever getting out on the broad road; but they are satisfied with, more than that, they are vain of themselves. And what a blessing!"

"Are we not content to wear cheap clothes because in our fond vanity we think that we ourselves give them an air of distinction? So in many instances."

"And does not the same hold true as well to our views of all our belongings? Do we not think that our broken-down, rattlerap, dingy old automobile is really the fastest machine on the road if we would only once unshackle her? Don't we think that our lumbering old clumsy gaited six-minute horse could go in 2:25½ if we dared to give him his head? Don't we think that our yacht or our power boat could make anything else in the water look like 30, yes, like 20 or even 15 cents if we were once disposed to show what it could really do?"

"Do we not think that our chickens are really the very best specimens of their breed, and do we not think that ours is the finest lawn? And our children, whatever they may be, are the finest children that ever were born?"

"Is it so of many things, and all these are cheerful, happy, helpful notions that even the most timid and shrinking of men may cherish. Our vanity is not only a protector and a shield, it is for us a castle within whose walls we can dwell in serenity and security, in sweet satisfaction with ourselves; and in a world so full of things that otherwise would jar us, is not this a great blessing? Many a man's lot in life has been softened, he has been made happy, by his harmless personal vanity."

### Fierce Hailstorms in England.

Large stories are told of the damage done by hailstones in Minnesota recently. However, Old England itself has some statistics to show. On May 30, 1897, a terrific hailstorm visited Seaford, Sussex. Some of the "bolts" measure 4½ inches in circumference, after lying on the ground for fully seven minutes. On June 24, in the same year, the most disastrous visitation of the kind in modern times ravaged parts of Essex and the adjacent counties.

Animals and poultry were killed and crops ruined. At Ingatstone the hail broke through a slated roof, and at Baddow it went through windows and cut the blinds to pieces. The damage in Essex alone was at least \$500,000.

The latest storm of exceptional violence occurred in Huntingdonshire on August 2, 1906. The "hail" consisted of hard pieces of ice, from three to four inches in length, and killed rabbits and other small animals wholesale.

### Reval an Ancient City.

Reval, where Russian czar and British king met not long ago, is described as a curious outpost of the Russian empire. It is the capital of Esthonia and stands at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland, about 230 miles from St. Petersburg. The town is mainly German, like all other towns in Russia's Baltic provinces, and is of great antiquity. In 1284 it acquired all the privileges of a Hanseatic city. According to an old saying, "Esthonia was an elysium for the nobility, a heaven for the clergy, a mine of gold for the stranger, but a hell for the peasant." Among the strangers who settled there and got themselves included in the Esthonian nobility were military adventurers whose descendants still exist under the name of Douglas, O'Rourke and Lewis. In 1710 Reval surrendered to Peter the Great, who provided it with a military harbor, and it is now one of the chief stations of the Russian navy.

### Why Men Are the Best Cooks.

They were talking about Escottier, the great French chef.

"Yes," said a man, "men make the best cooks."

"Of course they do," said a girl. "Men, the world over, are the gluttons. Women's thoughts fly higher than the table."

"Where is the woman who is proud of her ability to tell canvas-back from mallard or Chateau Yquem from Haut Brion? No such woman exists."

"Men alone take their stomach seriously. Naturally enough, therefore, the Escottiers all come from the ranks of men."

### Taxicab a Chinese Invention.

Few persons imagine that the taxicab is an ancient Chinese invention. A far eastern journal, the "Ostasiatiska Lloyd," proves by drawings taken from a famous collection, the "Tsang-thu-hae," that vehicles kindred to the taxicab existed in China 800 years ago. The "gilligulicha" was fitted with an instrument which sounded on a drum every mile passed. Moreover, the Chinese taximeter was provided with a compass, a desirable adjunct when traveling in a country where routes are not indicated.

### The Result of Association.

"That young man who comes to see you, Maud, has such an explosive manner."

"You must remember, mother, that his father was in the fireworks business."

### Entirely Simplified.

Abstracted Theorist—What do you think of the race problems? Disgusted Gothamite—Ah, no problem. What's the use of picking a winner if you can't put a bet up on him?



North through Luzon Lawton swept. And harried the Tagals fast and far. Until by night, if their pickets slept, They would rouse from dreams in a shake of fear.

Thinking their tireless foe was near To smite by the light of the tropic star.

North through Luzon Lawton swept. (The bravest of all the brave was he!) And with his column that never crept, Was one whose spirit to his was twin; Danger! He laughed it down the wind! Sergeant Jones of Tennessee!

Fronting the Filipino line, One morn'g the Tagals whir and whine, He saw the folds of a battle-flag In the sultry breeze rise and sag Beyond where a river wound its way.

What did the daring sergeant do? Tightened his trooper's belt by a hole, Slipped from the shelter of thick bam-

boos, Swam the ooze of the sluggish stream With its rows of bayonet-roads afloat, And forward over the rice-fields stole.

Over the rice-fields stole, and then Leaped at the banner, and clutched it fast.

In the very face of the riflemen: And, ere they rallied from pained dread, Back with the captured flag he sped With never a look behind his cast.

Around him, like invisible bees, The bullets buzzed in a deadly band From the rifles of his enemies; They plowed the ground behind, before, But he reached the dip of the river ahead, Unscathed, the banner within his hand.

Oh, what a cheering, rank on rank, Down the length of the line there ran, Greeted him as he climbed the bank, Swelled about him and surged—and he Flung it back to him over the sea, Valiant-hearted American!

—Youth's Companion.

## VALUABLE CARGO SAVED.

The Decision and Gallantry of a Squad of Enlisted Men.

William F. Crawford, sergeant company A, Ninth Illinois cavalry, Milan, Ill., tells a good story of how a valuable cargo of government supplies was saved to the government.

In January, 1864, a sergeant from each company of his regiment was sent home on a two months' leave to recruit the regiment, says National Tribune. At the expiration of that time several of them met at Cairo, Ill., to take boat for Memphis, where the Ninth Illinois cavalry was stationed.

The boat was a large one and heavily loaded with army supplies, all kinds of ammunition and enough Spencer carbines to arm a brigade. With the exception of themselves there was no one on the boat but the captain and crew and ten old soldiers without arms.

Everything went along finely until they got to within 30 miles of Fort Pillow, when they met a boat coming up the river, whose captain called out that he had been fired on at Fort Pillow, where the confederates had a cannon and a small number of men.

Sergeant Crawford talked over the situation with his comrades, and proposed to break open one of the boxes of carbines and of cartridges, but the mate objected, as did the captain, who said he was responsible for the cargo, and must deliver it intact.

The sergeant replied that the arms were there, and that they must have them to defend themselves and the boat, so, being too many for the captain and the crew, they opened the boxes and helped themselves, taking the carbines and 45 rounds of ammunition. Comrade Crawford, with two men, went up on the hurricane deck, where they found two big coils of rope, which he and one of the men appropriated as a means of protection, while the third man took a position behind the smokestack to watch the pilot, whom they suspected and feared would run them in. When near Fort Pillow the cannon fired a shot over their heads, which was a signal to the pilot to land them, but they kept a close watch on him, and he made no move to do so. When opposite the cannon it fired right into the boat, but the soldiers on board emptied the seven shots in their carbines, and the captain of the boat cried out: "Boys, you have killed and wounded several." They kept it up until so far away that they would not carry. None of the three shots fired by the confederates had any effect on them, and the soldiers were landed at Memphis with a big load of government supplies saved by their pluck and resourcefulness.

### Monitor Hero Dead.

David W. Orr, who was a messenger boy on the Monitor at the time he fought his historic battle with the Merrimac in Hampton roads, committed suicide recently in Greenwich Village, N. Y. He was a messenger boy around the iron works at the time of the construction of the Monitor, and then became a machinist in the navy. After the war he returned to Greenwich Village and set up a steamfitting shop. He became quite a noted character in the village and prospered for awhile, but presently times began to change and his business disappeared. His eyesight failed and he became a cripple with rheumatism, but he never forgot the thrilling days of the fight with the confederate ironclads, and it was an entertainment to the people to get him stirred up to tell the story with the fire of other days. In his little shop he kept two highly-colored lithographs of the Merrimac and Monitor, of which he was never tired talking. Despondency seized him as his sixty-first birthday approached, and lying down under his lithographs, he put a rifle to his head and touched the trigger.